

NATIONAL REVIEW

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September 22, 1956

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The Javits Case

L. BRENT BOZELL

Six Quakers in Search of Coexistence

EUGENE LYONS

Notes for a Controversy

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Articles and Reviews by . . . E. v. KUEHNELT • LEDDIHN
PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY • SAM M. JONES • RUSSELL KIRK
JOHN ABBOT CLARK • REVILO OLIVER • FRANK S. MEYER

— For the Record —

Senator Joseph McCarthy asked Defense Secretary Charles Wilson last week if there was any truth in published reports that Soviet experts had been allowed to visit joint U.S.-Canadian secret radar installations in Northern Canada.

In the AFL-CIO poll of union workers Stevenson came out a three-to-one favorite over President Eisenhower Any further dip in hog or corn prices could affect GOP election prospects in the Corn Belt States of Minnesota, Missouri and Iowa this November, Republican strategists recently acknowledged To refute Democratic claims that the country is now going through a period of "false prosperity," Labor Secretary Mitchell trotted out these figures: Since 1952, employment is up four million, personal incomes have increased 20 per cent, the average family income after taxes is up 9 per cent.

John and Sylvia Powell and Julian Schuman, editors of the China Monthly, an English language periodical in Shanghai which supported Communist germ-warfare charges during the Korean war, went on trial in San Francisco court early this month charged with sedition. They entered a plea of innocent Worth reading: Invasion Alert, a small booklet by former U.S. Ambassador Joseph E. Grew, published by the Committee of One Million. Invasion Alert warns of the dangers of admitting Red China to the United Nations.

Middle Eastern sources say some of the smaller Arab countries -- particularly Jordan -- are growing restive at Egypt's domination and the threat Nasser poses to their oil revenues To offset any possible coup, Colonel Nasser is reported to have transferred his predecessor, General Naguib, from "surveilled residence" in Cairo to a less accessible location.

Ocean shipping rates have gone up since the Suez seizure and are going still higher as shippers move mammoth cargoes in anticipation of a possible slowdown or stoppage of canal traffic Since the breakdown in talks, two of Britain's major shipping lines (Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation and the Orient Line) have rerouted all their ships around the Cape of Good Hope The Dutch luxury liner "Willem Ruys," en route to Holland from Jakarta, cancelled its plans to go through the Suez Canal in favor of the longer (six and a half days) and more expensive (\$40,000) South African route All French and British employees of a private electrical power company in Alexandria were transferred to "non-sensitive" jobs by orders of the Egyptian Government a fortnight ago.

President Sukarno of Indonesia (who has a habit of making his visits pay) got the promise of a \$100 million Soviet loan at the conclusion of his triumphal tour of the Soviet Union Chancellor Adenauer's popularity has slumped dangerously over his insistence that West Germany stand behind its pledge to NATO and rearm. The latest public opinion poll in the Bonn Republic gave the neutralist Social Democratic Party a slight edge (34 per cent to 33 per cent) over Adenauer's Christian Democratic Party The Soviet Union has signed an anti-slavery treaty which makes human bondage a criminal offense.

First effects of the steel settlement: the weekly pay of factory workers climbed to a record average of \$79.79 in August, an increase of nearly one dollar over July Westinghouse announces that its sales of small electrical appliances have spurted since it abandoned its "fair price" policy on these items a year ago For the second time in recent months the people of Seneca, Missouri, have voted down a bond issue to finance a public power plant. They prefer buying their power from the privately owned and operated Empire District Power Company.

Block those price-fixers: A Federal Trade Commission examiner ruled that an AFL fisherman's union in Kodiak, Alaska, had conspired to fix the prices of raw king crabs.

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Contents SEPTEMBER 22, 1956 VOL. II, NO. 18

THE WEEK 3

ARTICLES

A Fable John Abbot Clark 7
Six Quakers in Search of Coexistence
Eugene Lyons 13
Notes for a Controversy Ralph de Toledano 15

DEPARTMENTS

For the Record 2
National Trends L. Brent Bozell 8
The Campaign Sam M. Jones 11
Foreign Trends W.S. 12
Letter from the Continent
E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn 17
From the Academy Russell Kirk 18
To the Editor 22

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Danse Macabre Priscilla L. Buckley 19
The Thing Revilo Oliver 20
He Asked for It Frank S. Meyer 20
On a Pinpoint R.P.O. 20
Reviewed in Brief 21

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The WEEK

● The nomination of Jacob Javits by the Republican Party (various aspects of the Javits case are discussed in this issue) was the last word in Republican self-delusion. Republican leaders argued hotly for Javits primarily on the grounds that *failure* to nominate him would antagonize the Jewish vote in New York. The premise of that argument is that the Jewish vote will go to Javits merely because Javits is Jewish. In fact, in election after election, the Democratic Party has appealed more strongly to the majority of Jews in New York, and Mayor Wagner, who has done nothing whatever to alienate that vote, can hope to retain wide Jewish support. He probably will. Javits, however, will be rejected by a substantial number of Republicans who, familiar with his performance and public statements, consider him first a Liberal, and only next a Republican. This misreckoning by the Republicans could cost them the Senate. Conceivably, it could cost them the Presidential election.

● The defeat of J. Bracken Lee is sadder even than the victory of Alexander Wiley. Governor Lee had shown, in two terms in office, the most anachronistic disregard for the ravenous and undifferentiated appetites of the Mass Man; and he got away with it, twice. Now the glacier has caught up with him, once again serving notice that Socialism will have its way, and that no individual—or individualist—can withstand it. But Governor Lee can retire with the greatest sense of satisfaction. He held the line, in Utah, for eight years.

● NATIONAL REVIEW has received the following post-primary statement from Mr. Lee. "My defeat came about because of a combination of factors. It is evident that Democrats in great numbers crossed over to the Republican primary to vote against me. This is borne out by the comparative vote totals in the Republican primary showing that 112,000 voted in the Governor's race but only 103,000 in the auditor's. I lost by a little over 7,000 votes. My opponent's organization advertised openly requesting that the cross-over be made. It would appear that the cross-overs were made up mostly of disgruntled school people who couldn't control me, farmers wanting a refund on off-highway gasoline tax, other spending groups whose demands had not been met, UN advocates who didn't like my UN stand, and various others. It is difficult to go through

eight years in office without making enemies and I guess I had too many scars, both within and without my party. I have no regrets and no bitterness. I am grateful that I had this chance to serve the people and I am proud of the record I have achieved.

J. BRACKEN LEE, Governor"

● Mr. Stevenson has quite properly been taken to task for holding out hope that some day soon the military draft will be ended—"at the earliest moment consistent with national safety." Yet when you come right down to it, Mr. Stevenson's statement—his hope plus his at-the-earliest-moment verbal parachute—ends up saying nothing at all, and thus pays Mr. Eisenhower the high compliment of imitating his favorite oratorical vein. Mr. Stevenson will gain no differential advantage from it in the election, because Mr. Eisenhower will get around, one way or another, to making it himself. And the state of mind it reveals, the anxiety lest the draft be continued a moment too long, as contrasted with the anxiety lest it end one moment too soon, is as much Mr. Eisenhower's as Mr. Stevenson's. Neither candidate has yet learned that we are engaged in a Third World War.

● Dr. Bella Dodd has brought suit against those responsible for the publication of an article (entitled "The Kept Witnesses") by Richard Rovere in *Harper's Magazine*. She charges that Mr. Rovere was commissioned by the Fund for the Republic to write the article, 250,000 reprints of which were distributed by the Fund with tax-exempt money. Representative B. Carroll Reece told Congress that Dr. Dodd "courageously rides into this legal battle at great expense which must be borne by her, and her alone; she fights our country's battles alone, no tax money, no tax-exempt privileges, no multimillion-dollar gifts, no support." We shall keep our eyes on this first libel action against a smear financed by one of our mighty tax-exempt institutions.

● Item: Joseph Starobin, for many years editor of the *Daily Worker*, has declared the Communist Party's past mistakes incurable, and announced his withdrawal from its ranks. Item: I. F. Stone, an undeviating fellow traveller since 'way back when, rejected the Party position on the Rosenberg-Sobell case, and has written so critically since his recent trip to Poland that the *Daily Worker* regards him as outside the fold. If this is it, NATIONAL REVIEW welcomes them upon their escape to freedom.

● General A. C. Wedemeyer writes us that contributions to the Robert A. Taft Memorial Fund should not be addressed to him, but to Mr. Thomas E. Coleman, Madison-Kipp Corporation, Madison 10, Wisconsin. Mr. Coleman is Chairman of the Fund.

Safe at Third

It's been a long time since there was anything as slick as the Javits operation.

Mr. Bozell examines two aspects of the case in this issue. He records a typical act of irresponsibility on the part of America's leading newspaper in its handling of the Javits case. He then examines closely the testimony of Mr. Javits. In the face of that testimony, it is not short of amazing that press and public have concluded that Javits "honestly and forthrightly" answered charges levelled against him, and effectively disposed of them. Mr. Javits was *not* forthright, and there remain unanswered questions about his strange peregrinations in his early political years, from Communist to Communist, from San Francisco to New York.

But something that is probably far more important than the real story of Mr. Javits' associations in the early years got absolutely lost in the shuffle—one of the smoothest shuffles ever brought off by a politician in the deck-stacking business. The point, of course, is that Jacob Javits did not have the Republican nomination in the bag to begin with. Not because a few voters wonder whether he's a hidden Communist, but because a great many voters *know* that he is a far-gone Liberal.

We do not mean to make light of the efforts of those who want to get to the bottom of Javits' unusual affinity for chance encounters with Communists in 1945. It *could* be that Mr. Javits is a Soviet agent, but we doubt it very much indeed; not so much because of his now-legendary anti-Communist record (which is not the kind of foundation we'd want to build a very tall house upon) but because an alternative explanation is much, much more likely. That is the explanation that Mr. Javits looked around the sources of political power in New York and thought long and hard about playing ball with the Communists, as others have done, but finally decided he was in league with the future, and put his bets on Liberal Republicanism.

We mean merely to draw attention to what actually happened—in the course of a couple of weeks:

1. Javits is fighting for the Republican nomination against at least one serious candidate, J. Raymond McGovern, who is the more or less conservative alternative to Javits.

2. Somebody raises the question whether Javits, on top of being Liberal, mightn't have been a pro-Communist at least as late as 1946.

3. Javits proclaims his innocence and charges around talking about how anti-Communist he is, and gets himself a few columns on the front page of just about every newspaper in America, which joins him in deploring the prospect of a return to McCarthyism.

(Meanwhile, friends of McGovern get together enough for one paid ad in the *Times*.)

4. Javits demands a make-or-break-me session with the Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee, which makes itself available and permits Javits to stage-manage the entire session.

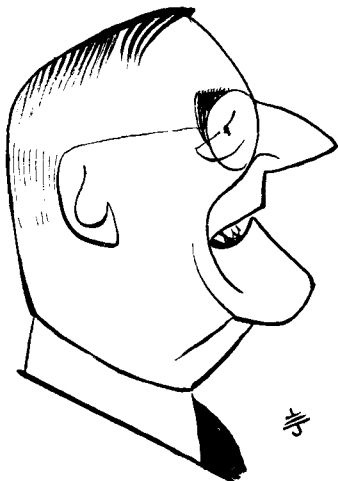
5. A hearing is held, at which Javits gets off a number of widely-reported denunciations of Communism, Communists, and things Communistic, and the press at large hails the Great Vindication, and Expresses Confidence that the Republican Nominating Committee will smite down the rumormongers, hip and thigh.

6. On the grounds that Javits is not and never was a Communist, the Republican State Committee names him the Republican candidate—*unanimously*.

McGovern never knew what hit him.

We are not saying that Javits less faithfully mirrors Eisenhower Republicanism than McGovern. And if the rule is simply that the man who most meticulously goes along with the Executive is the man who in all cases ought to be nominated for the Legislature, then the nomination belonged to Javits. But actually, Javits goes a great deal *further* than Eisenhower in the direction of centralized, omnipotent, omni-concerned government, as anyone who wants to take a ride through that Chamber of Horrors, Mr. Javits' voting record, can see. (One of Mr. Javits' pearls which even Arthur Larson would choke on: "It is and has been my constant effort to encourage public participation in the private economy through the cooperation of government, to give the full impact of the democratic process.") We *are* saying New York's conservatives were euchred out of an opportunity to state their case.

In any event, the "choice" now open to the voter in New York is between Robert Wagner and Jacob Javits. The greatest remaining unsolved problem is, Whom will the Americans for Democratic Action back? But then they may not bestir themselves: they can't care *who* wins this one. Certainly we don't.



—Jacobi

New Hero of the Left

For a couple of years John Foster Dulles has been the bogeyman of the international Left. From London to Timbuctoo, Mr. Dulles was pictured in the journals of the Left as the No. 1 saboteur of peace, provocateur of war, and all-around wild man rushing through the world from one brink to the next. In the Communist press his name took top Satanic honors from Joe McCarthy and Chiang Kai-shek.

Suddenly all is forgiven and forgotten. From the redrawn Left cartoons, Mr. Dulles' face beams forth with kindly smiles; flattering adjectives drape his name in headlines; and editorials sagely commend his splendidly moderating effect on the war-mad imperialists, Anthony Eden and Guy Mollet.

For Mr. Dulles is leader of the "peace party" in the Suez crisis. He has taken the one sure road to social success in the circles of the Left: before a threat to the interests of the Western powers, yield, withdraw, give way. We can think of no single instance when the Left, in this or any other country, has cursed a yielder; and praise from the Left is certain if enough is yielded.

Mr. Dulles' Suez diplomacy—and Mr. Eisenhower's—are incredible in form as well as substance. They allow it to be publicly known that in relation to Suez the United States is opposed to the use of force under any circumstances. Granted that force is a **last resort**. Yet if force is absolutely ruled out, why should Nasser be expected to do anything but stand his ground? He has nothing to lose—and he's got the Canal. The whole negotiation becomes a TV wrestling match, with the winner decided in advance.

The Suez crisis is a "colonial" variant of the world crisis through which we are living. We have, not often but sometimes, stood fairly firm before a direct thrust by the main, the Soviet, enemy. But we have never faced up to the significance of "the national and colonial struggle," through which, following directives laid down thirty-seven years ago, he outflanks us.

This is in part because we are drugged by an abstract myth blown up out of our own past; the myth of the intrinsic and necessary justice of any "anti-colonial" struggle at any time. It is always just, by this myth, for Indonesians to throw out the Dutch, Indians the British, Indochinese the French, dark men the white men, no matter for what purpose, nor by whom led, no matter the stage of development, nor the consequences to the local people and economy, nor the effect on world strategic relations.

So, drugged by the myth, it was really our own rather than Egyptian pressure that got the British garrison out of the Suez Isthmus. And we and Mr. Dulles are today unable to formulate a consistent reason for saying that Nasser is wrong when he moves

in to replace it—just so we shall have no reasonable complaint when the Arab nations take over our oil fields.

The rape of Suez is in historical truth a victory for American policy; that is, the present situation is just what the policy could be expected to lead to. However much we would now like to crawl out of the deal, Nasser is there, and he is what we bargained for.

Sailing Not So Plain

North Carolina, by a four-to-one vote in a state-wide referendum, has so amended its state constitution as to maintain its traditional system of separate schools for Negroes and whites while keeping within the letter of the Supreme Court's segregation decision. Henceforth parents who object to sending their children to mixed schools will be entitled to grants for tuition in private schools running as high as \$135 per annum; and local communities which find conditions in their public school systems intolerable will be empowered to close them down.

Governor Luther Hodges, who sponsored the so-called "Pearsall plan" which now becomes constitutional law of the state, concedes that even the maximum grants to parents are not likely to cover tuition in any private school. He takes, however, the courageous position that in a controversy like that over desegregation people should be willing to foot the bill for their convictions.

Students of that controversy will do well to remember that, in the past, other Southern states have imitated North Carolina's example in matters of educational policy—and to take note of the fact that the first steps toward integration in North Carolina's primary and secondary schools have yet to be taken. Having done so, they are less likely to be taken in by loose talk to the effect that the big fight about desegregation is behind us.

The Tank as Educator

In principle, Liberalism rejects custom, revelation and tradition, in order to base its doctrine and program exclusively on reason: Reason, casting off error through a scientific education, will disclose the truth; and reason, applied to the problems of practical life, will bring progressively into being the free and good society.

But what if some men do not choose to behave as reason, speaking through its Liberal oracles, enjoins? Ah, there's the rub!

Now, school segregation is nonrational. Though it is possible to state arguments for segregation that

are not anti-rational, the motives upon which it primarily rests are ancestral custom, deep feeling and time-sanctioned prejudice. Yet many men and whole communities share the custom, feeling and prejudice, and may even believe that these are guides to the conduct of life more reliable than reason itself.

So what arguments is Liberal reason going to offer to convince these men and communities that they are in error?

Over the past weeks we have been observing the answer. The arguments: tanks, bayonets, machine guns.

The cult of a reason divorced from tradition and faith ends in the brute appeal to force. The Liberal ideologues heading the cult put reason's heretics to fire and sword. And so it has always been. The Goddess Reason, enthroned by the French Revolution, looked down on the *Place de la Nation* as the guillotine chopped heads off.

In small towns of Tennessee, Kentucky and West Virginia (fringe areas where integration had been proceeding at a spontaneous and rather rapid pace during recent years), the school children, white and Negro, are learning important lessons these days: When citizens differ among themselves, the ones who can order the tanks out have an interesting advantage. . . . When parents and the state don't agree on how to bring up children, the state prevails. . . . Important social issues are decided by calling the National Guard. . . . There are good, bad and indifferent laws, but the best law is martial law. . . .

The way the world goes, this is learning that may come in useful.

The Simple Heart Hath Reasons

Mr. Stevenson, we hear, has decided to soft-pedal the wisecracks and funny business in his speeches, and start playing it straight—straight from the heart, that is, if not necessarily from the shoulder.

These reports are cause for consternation. The country may still need Mr. Eisenhower. But it also needs at least a thimblekin of wit to preserve our national political life from the creeping intellectual putrefaction so evident all around us.

Presidents come and Presidents go, but words, if happily turned, oftentimes live on forever. Even phrases unhappily turned occasionally achieve a kind of hoof-in-mouth immortality. That fatal campaign slogan of the last century, "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," is still remembered, while the luckless candidate who coined it is deadlier than the Democratic Platform of 1932. We hope Mr. Stevenson's better quips continue to fall where they may, and let who will be President.

NATIONAL REVIEW asked Professor John Abbot Clark for editorial reflections on the opening of the school year. He answered us with . . .

A Fable

The Dream of the Fair Coed, Who Nearly Married a Down-to-Earth Professor, But Got Hold of Herself Just in Time

Gloria was the Beautiful Daughter of the Town's leading Banker. She also had Brains.

Besides being a Good Husband and Father, as well as an Honest Banker, Gloria's Sire was a Lover of Books. Unable to go thru High School, and never having been even in the Vicinity of a College, he decided Early in life to do the Best he could about getting a Scab Education.

And Gloria soon caught the Infection. While hardly yet in her Teens, she was Devouring adult volumes, a Practice which Modern Specialists in Juvenile Reading would never have Countenanced, had They known about it.

At last Gloria was Ready for College, having Picked up her Education at Home, and her Training in Adapting to the Group, Citizenship, Driving the Family Car, and Mammalian Reproduction in School.

Probably as a result of having Misspent her Childhood and Youth in such Bookish, Anti-Social Ways, the night before she was to leave for the State University, Gloria had a short but Thrilling Dream (the Kind, incidentally, which the Freudians are Singularly ill-equipped to Mess around with).

She Dreamt that her World History teacher was Edward Gibbon, of all Persons. She didn't learn Much history, but it was Fun listening to him, day after day, Feeding Christians to the Deistic Lions of the French Salons, or wittily Running Down his old Alma Mater, Oxford.

Her Introduction to Philosophy section was taught by Sir Thomas Browne, and tho the Senior girls Warned her that he was considered very Unsound by his Colleagues, Gloria didn't mind, for she had developed a Penchant for the O Altitude sort of Thing.

Came the dreamless Dawn, and the first Day at the University. For nearly a week, Gloria stood in Endless Lines, waiting to have Things done To her and For her. By Sunday she was a Total Wreck. The only Test she hadn't been given was a Hollywood Screen Test, and she couldn't be too sure about that. She had been Fingerprinted. She had taken Three Physicals. She had written her Autobiography for Five different Departments. She had signed so many Cards, Slips and Checks that it was a Toss-up between Bellevue and the Penitentiary. Amnesia seemed the only Sensible Way Out.

In her American History class, Gloria learned all about American Lit, and in American Lit she learned all about American History.

In her Sophomore year, the Psychology instructor spent the whole term reducing Everything to Physiology. And in her Junior year, the Philosophy prof reduced Everything to Psychology. It was not until her Senior year that she got any Whiffs of Real Philosophy. That was in Physiology 4, the teacher of which had studied under a man who had studied under a man who had studied under George Santayana at Harvard.

At last, after Four Years in the Anything but Quiet Academic Groves, Gloria was Graduated. She had taken so many Different courses, and Joined so many Campus Organizations, she was Dizzy. Her Father maintained that if a Circus had come to Collegeville during her Sojourn at the U, she would probably have joined it.

So, following the Ceremonies, Gloria put off Commencing for awhile, in order to pick up the Pieces and pull herself Together. During this Interim, she fell in Love with a Young and Handsome assistant professor of Education. He was a Perfervid Apostle of the New Idea in Education—Learning by Doing. He firmly believed that the Proper study of Mankind was the Werewolf, and was always running Tests on the white mice in his Basement and conducting Experiments on the white rats in his Garage. The Cub professor swore by the Doctorate. In fact, he was such a Confirmed Ph.D. that he had to make an Effort to be Civil to the Pre-Med students.

The Business Machine People had been after the assistant professor for years, but he was Doing so well with his Textbooks, Gadgets and Outside Activities that he felt he could best serve Humanity by continuing his Humble Labors in the Vineyard of Knowledge. Or, as he once Jokingly put it while slightly under the Influence, he intended to Stick Around the Hopyards of the Higher Earning until he had Corralled his first Hundred Grand. Then would be time enough to decide whether to Pander to Commerce and Industry.

Gloria might have Married the Educationalist, for he was a Nice Boy, but one night at a Party at his House, she did some Snooping around and couldn't find a Book on the Premises, tho there were Texts galore, and Manuals, Charts and Graphs all over the Place. That settled it.

Gloria is now back Home, going Steady with the assistant cashier in her Father's Bank. She will probably Marry him, because he is Much like her Father in two important Respects: he is not Mad about Money, and he loves Good Books.

Moral: Usually it's the Bookworm that Gets the Bird—but not always.

JOHN ABBOT CLARK

NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Dr. Javits and Mr. Hide

The leading candidate for the Republican nomination for the U.S. Senate in New York—he is also New York's attorney general—appeared on September 5 before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. He was there, he said, to refute certain "vicious rumors" concerning his past political associations. And when he had completed his testimony, the nation's press was pretty well agreed as to what Jacob Javits had said: He had denied that he had knowingly sought Communist advice and support in his postwar campaigns for Congress; he had denied having sought or received the backing of the American Labor Party (Communist-dominated) for his 1946 and 1948 campaigns; he had denied witting Communist associations. But—as the reporters also agreed—his testimony was inconsistent at some points with that of previous subcommittee witnesses; and this, they suggested, might stand in the way of his getting the Senatorial nomination.

Seldom has the working press so thoroughly botched a reporting job.

The fact is that there was *no* direct conflict between Javits' testimony and the others', save possibly on the issue whether the trips Javits had taken on the San Francisco-Oakland ferry in the company of Frederick V. Field had numbered two, or more than two. And the further facts are that Javits, when testifying under oath, did *not* deny that he had sought and accepted Communist support in his political campaigns, did *not* deny that he had sought and accepted ALP support, and did *not* deny that in 1945, at the UN conference in San Francisco, he had associated with Frederick Field, Louise Bransten, David Hedley, Don Pitman and Max Radin, knowing of their Communist characteristics. Finally, as for the pivotal evidence furnished by Dr. Bella Dodd, he did *not* deny that he had known Dr. Dodd to be a Communist leader when he approached her in 1946, or that he had met her for the purpose of seek-

ing Communist help, or that he had got Communist help as a result of the meeting.

Javits did not, to be sure, confirm the evidence tending to damage him. Some of it he found "inconceivable." Some, he said, was "absolutely inconsistent with everything I was doing." About most of it, he simply had "no recollection."

Still other evidence (for example, meetings he admitted having in San Francisco with Louise Bransten, whom the subcommittee identified as a kind of professional hostess for "Communist Party members, including members of Communist espionage rings"), Javits finessed by offering an innocent alternative interpretation: Mrs. Bransten had been recommended to him by a friend as a wealthy and "very attractive girl" whom he "ought to meet"—but without explicitly denying the obvious sinister interpretation.

So, too, with the ferry boat encounters with Frederick Vanderbilt Field: "My recollection," Javits said, "is that I met a young man on the ferry who said something about the scenery, or some ordinary expression of that kind, who was a college-boy-looking type of chap and described himself as Fred Field, and said he was going to cover the UN conference for some newspaper." When subcommittee Counsel Robert Morris observed that Field was then "UN Editor to the *Daily Worker*," Javits flatly denied that he had known *that*; but at no time did he deny having been aware of Field's more notorious activities on behalf of the Communist Party—though he surely realizes that, in 1956, it would be worth his while to do so.

No Close Cross-Examination

Before proceeding, let's scotch the theory that Javits' failure to meet the charges squarely is attributable to the subcommittee's failure to press him for unequivocal answers. As Javits

was well aware, the explosive political implications of the situation precluded the normal type of congressional hearing, characterized by close cross-examination of the implicated witness. Javits could get by, that is to say, by saying as little or as much as he chose.

From the moment it got hold of the Javits case, the subcommittee had endeavored, consistent with its mandate to guard the nation's internal security, to avoid involvement in New York's domestic politics. The testimony of Dr. Bella Dodd, on June 14, and that of other witnesses later on, had been kept a closely guarded secret. On July 23, the subcommittee's ranking members, Senators Eastland and Jenner, had quietly called the case to the attention of Attorney General Brownell—presumably hoping that the facilities of Mr. Brownell's department and Mr. Brownell's connections with the New York Republican organization could be combined to find an unobtrusive solution to the problem.

A Forum by Request

When the case was tossed back in its lap by Javits' request for a hearing, the subcommittee readily agreed to the concept of the proceedings insisted upon by Javits—namely, that the subcommittee was providing, *at Javits' request*, a forum in which Javits might lay to rest "vicious rumors" that were threatening his political career. When the hearing opened, accordingly, the subcommittee settled into a groove of impeccable passivity: it contented itself with laying before Javits the substance of the evidence against him, and inviting comment. In their questioning, Chairman Eastland and Counsel Morris properly—and ostentatiously—avoided pushing Javits any further than he wanted to go.

Javits, on the other hand, had every incentive to go all out, to deal with the charges fully and categorically, to leave nothing to conjecture. For by the time he took the stand, those "rumors" that had first cropped up last May after Dr. Dodd had informed a women's gathering in Binghamton, N. Y., that the Communist Party had facilitated his entrance into politics, had become a serious obstacle to his getting the Senatorial nomination.

As early as mid-July, the Javits "scandal" had achieved sufficient currency in New York GOP circles to prompt State Chairman L. Judson Morehouse and National Chairman Leonard Hall to lay it on the line. If Javits failed to clear his name, they let it be known, there would be serious opposition to his candidacy. Later, on August 3, Javits asked to be heard by the Eastland subcommittee at a mutually convenient date.

Issue Forced into Open

Events in the last week of August brought the matter to a head. Public specification of the charges by Jay Sourwine, candidate for Nevada's Democratic senatorial nomination, sparked a rash of speculation in the New York delegation at San Francisco, and forced the New York press to bring the issue out into the open. Javits had no alternative but to ask that his hearing be held in advance of the State Committee's selection of a nominee on September 10. In order to secure the nomination, it seemed, he would have to deal with the charges forthrightly and, more important, believably — *i.e.*, under oath.

In the circumstances, it was clearly to Javits' advantage to meet head-on each and every charge and each and every invidious implication—unless, of course, he had reason to fear the perjury statutes.

Javits' major chore at the hearing was to refute the testimony of Dr. Bella Dodd, former member of the National Committee of the Communist Party, who is now regarded by congressional committees and the Justice Department as one of the most reliable witnesses to the Communist conspiracy.

Counsel Morris, in opening the proceedings, stated that Dr. Dodd had testified in executive session to, in effect, the following: She had learned from Communist sources, back in 1945 or 1946, that a Jacob K. Javits, whose "political future" was a matter of Communist Party interest, had just arrived from the West Coast. She had been asked, in her "official" Party capacity, that of analyst of and adviser on focal points of Communist support, to talk with him, which she had done. She and Mr. Javits had discussed the district on which he

might "concentrate"—specifically, the Washington Heights district, where the Democrats were split. And the Communists had thereafter supported

Unimpressed

From a September 6 editorial
in the *New York Times*
(footnotes by NATIONAL REVIEW)

"Most of [the evidence against Mr. Javits] is the tawdry, dreamy stuff so often pulled out of a committee hat to make somebody look a little gray when he cannot be utterly blackened.

"Did you get off the train with a certain man? Did you meet a young man on a ferry,¹ not only on a ferry but early in the morning on a ferry? Did you take a 'voyage' on a train with somebody? Did you meet somebody in a West Coast living room that was to the left of a hall? The testimony took Mr. Javits into a paneled room, it took him to a cocktail party at the Mark Hopkins in San Francisco, it showed him as a bachelor on terminal leave being introduced to an 'heiress to a considerable fortune,'² but to no effect. Mr. Javits says 'Hi' to somebody at a UN meeting, he says hello and goodbye to somebody³ in a Greenwich Village grocery store. There is even a 'parlor' discussion⁴ somewhere."⁵

¹The Young Man on a Ferry: the famous middle-aged Frederick Vanderbilt Field.

²The Heiress to a Considerable Fortune: Louise Bransten, famous Communist hostess, starred in innumerable FBI reports.

³Somebody: Miss Bransten.

⁴Several Parlor Discussions: with Max Yergan, then a Communist chief organizer among the Negroes; with Dr. Bella Dodd, then member of the National Committee of the Communist Party; with Murray Baron, Socialist expert on the Communist-controlled American Labor Party.

⁵Somewhere: in Miss Bransten's Communist salon.

Mr. Javits in the campaign of 1946.

If Dr. Dodd is to be believed, let us note here, Javits was probably guilty in those days of a good deal more than mere political opportunism—the charge against him most frequently advanced. Not every aspiring politician has a "political future" which is a matter of Party interest;—and any who does must, one supposes, have established reasonable grounds for such interest.

Mr. Javits Gets "Educated"

Javits squared off to Dr. Dodd's charges as follows:

In the area of May-June, 1946, when I was in the process of being nominated for Congress, it is my recollection that I got . . . a long list of people I ought to see, to get educated about what is going on in New York. I had been out of things from about 1941 until I came back in 1945. And this included university presidents, ministers of various faiths, newspaper editors, etc. And I went the rounds . . . in that period I went to see Dr. Dodd, it was my recollection as one of the people on that list to get educated about teachers . . . with whom I was told she had some connection as a secretary—I have since refreshed my mind on it—[of] the teachers' union for many years.

Now, my recollection is that I went to see her at her office . . . that I spent a very short time—whatever I did in these visits—ten or fifteen minutes—that we talked about teachers and what they wanted. And then I went on my way. And that was that.

And that was that.

Javits proceeded to discuss his political apprenticeship during 1945 and 1946. He recalled how he had become the research director of John Goldstein's 1945 campaign for mayor (Republican Liberal Fusion ticket), and how he had decided to run for Congress the next year from this district instead of from that one. However, he felt no call to deal further with Bella Dodd—to deny, for example, that he knew her to be a Communist political organizer, that he had called upon her in that capacity, that they had talked about Communist politics (and about what teachers wanted), that he had sought Communist support, that he had gotten it. Counsel Morris, feeling, apparently, that Javits was not making the most of his opportunity to squelch the "vicious rumors," tried to be helpful:

Mr. Morris: General Javits, may we get back to the encounter with Bella Dodd?

Mr. Javits: Certainly.

Mr. Morris: At that time, is it your testimony you did not know that she was, you might say, openly and notoriously a member of the National Committee of the Communist Party?

Mr. Javits: I have no recollection of knowing that, Judge Morris. I do not know what the newspapers showed at that time, either. I can only tell you this: that it is *inconceivable to me that I would call, for any reason, on a person who was an open and avowed Communist*. That is all I can tell you about it.

Javits had pretty clearly gone as far as he wanted to go, and Morris turned his questions to other subjects. We may, however, tarry a moment with Javits' answer. It is clear, first off, that there are *still* no denials here, and that there is thus no possible challenge to the perjury statutes. No one has ever been indicted for having "no recollection" of what he once might have known, much less for finding things "inconceivable." Secondly, Javits' answer is internally inconsistent. If, indeed, it is "inconceivable" to him that he would have called upon an open Communist, then certainly he would have recollected the "inconceivable" if it had happened, and failing such recollection, could confidently deny that it had happened.

Relations with ALP

Finally, it taxes one's credulity to suppose that Javits did *not* know of Dr. Dodd's credentials—a conclusion, let us remember, that Javits does not affirm but evidently hopes we will infer. For most people intimately involved in New York City politics, Dr. Dodd's Communism was open and notorious. Even the reasonably careful newspaper reader could be expected to know about it, as the subcommittee demonstrated by putting in the record a couple of 1945 clippings from the *New York Times* identifying Dr. Dodd as a Communist leader. But the point is rather that the research director of the Republican Liberal Fusion mayoralty campaign certainly could be expected to know about it, and this, Javits has reminded us, had been his vocation in 1945.

The subcommittee next brought up the question of Javits' relations, dur-

ing the 1946 campaign, with the Communist-controlled American Labor Party. The direct question whether Javits had sought or accepted ALP backing in 1946 was never asked—nor, although this was plainly the issue at stake, did Javits volunteer a categorical statement on the subject. Here are the questions that were asked, with Javits' comments:

Mr. Javits: I talked with Mr. Baron, who was very active in the Liberal Party at that time. He . . . remembers that I was so told. I have no doubt that on that occasion and on other occasions the Liberal Party made it very clear to me that they were completely at war with the ALP. I would assume, Judge, too, that having run on this ticket four times, they looked me over very carefully with X-Ray eyes, and were pretty well convinced that I wouldn't be interested in the ALP.

No answer there, even to the question Mr. Morris had asked. Morris continues:

Mr. Morris: Did you not tell Murray Baron, in connection with the 1946 election, that you could have either the secret support of the ALP or they would remain neutral, depending on what you wanted? Mr. Baron has told us that.

Mr. Javits: I wouldn't challenge Murray Baron because I have the highest regard for him. I have no such recollection . . .

Which, among other things, left wide open the question of what Javits then went and told the ALP—i.e., whether he told the ALP he wanted its secret support, or wanted its neutrality, or wanted it to go fly a kite. Rather than clear up what he had asked the ALP to do, Javits preferred to talk about what the ALP, in the end, *did*. It ran its own candidate, Javits said—"a man named Connolly." What's more, Javits added, Connolly also tried to get the Democratic nomination.

This is not, however, conclusive, even as to what the ALP *did*. There is a school of thought in New York political circles which holds that since Eugene Connolly failed to get the Democratic nomination, the ALP thereafter backed him only nominally, and threw its real support to Javits.

Earlier in his testimony, Javits had volunteered a statement concerning his 1946 relations with the ALP which reporters for the daily press treated as very significant indeed. Javits was

giving an account of a discussion he had had with Liberal Party leader Alex Rose at a pre-election meeting:

I told [Rose] that some friends of mine were talking about the fact that I ought to try to get an ALP designation . . . when I told Alex that, he says—now he refreshes me on this, and I accept it and state it as a fact—he said, "Don't you know, Jack, that this ALP crowd, we have just broken off from, and they are Communist-dominated?" And then I said, "I want no part of them. I would rather lose the election. I will not go into any deals like that." And that was that.

Actually, that was not very much at all—not if we treat as significant only that testimony that would cost Javits something if it were untrue. Rose cannot very well call Javits a liar, and even if he did, where is the other witness necessary to a perjury conviction who can swear believably that Javits did *not* make such a statement to Rose? In any event—on the question whether Javits actually sought ALP support in 1946—the statement is neither here nor there.

Moving on to the 1948 campaign:

Mr. Morris: Now, General Javits . . . did you not take up with Baron and with Alex Rose the possibilities of your having ALP support in the 1948 campaign?

Mr. Javits: I recall no discussion about my taking ALP. On the contrary, I am very clear, aside from the muddle I may have been in in the 1946 campaign, when I was new on the job . . . [that] I had no doubts about the ALP thereafter. By 1948 I had served two years in Congress, and I had encountered ALP doctrine in the shape of its Congressmen here.

Mr. Morris: [still trying to be helpful.] It is your testimony that you did not ask to have ALP support?

Mr. Javits: I have no such recollection, Judge. The only thing one can do, like myself, who does so many things, is to try to get a recollection in the frame of reference, and this, it seems to me, to be absolutely inconsistent with everything I was doing at the time.

No doubt Mr. Javits does "many things," and it would be cruel to insist that he remember all of them. But is it really too much to ask an avowedly anti-Communist politician to remember whether or not he tried to get the support of an organization that he admittedly knew to be Communist dominated? That sort of thing usually sticks in a man's mind.

A final illustration of Javits' efforts to counter the "vicious rumors":

Mr. Morris: Does a man, Sam Roman, work for you?

Mr. Javits: Sam Roman is the assemblyman of the Fifteenth Assembly District who ran with me four times . . . and he is now one of my executive assistants.

Mr. Morris: Did the Liberal Party object through you to a tribute that Sam Roman paid to Rose Russell, the legislative representative of the [Communist] Teachers' Union on Nov. 20, 1954?

Mr. Javits: Judge, I cannot— . . .

Mr. Morris: Was there a protest, did they protest to you that a man who was associated with you should publicly commend Rose Russell, was there such a protest?

Mr. Javits: I have no recollection of it . . . I just don't know. I don't have any recollection whatever . . .

Let us note that this last one was "dredged up," as Javits likes to put it, from way back in 1954.

On "Meet the Press"

Four days after the hearing, on Sunday, September 9, Javits was the guest of "Meet the Press." There was one aspect of his Senate testimony that seemed to bother Mr. Larry Spivak particularly:

Mr. Spivak: In a letter you wrote to the Republican State Chairman, you said that, and I want to quote it: "Let me say categorically, for now and all time, that I am not and never have been associated in any way in any Communist activities or organizations or knowingly sought the help or aid in public or private life of any person or organization engaged in such activities . . ." Now you're a lawyer, you asked for the hearing, you wanted to remove all doubts about your position. Why didn't you make that statement under oath before the Committee?

Mr. Javits: In the first place I wasn't asked it and in the second place it would have been a completely invidious question because what the Committee had asked me about was the APL [sic] and in my talk to the people I talked to, it didn't remotely add up to require any such answer as that . . .

Mr. Spivak: Would you be willing to make a statement of that kind under oath?

Mr. Javits: Look, Mr. Spivak, I'm the Attorney General of the State of New York. I wrote a letter to that effect. I stand by that statement. I'm no baby, and I understand exactly what it means, and I said it.

And that was that.

The Campaign

SAM M. JONES

As Maine Goes

The Maine election is not necessarily a positive indication that the rest of the country will follow Maine's example. But if it does not awaken and alarm the Republican leadership, nothing can. Democratic Governor Muskie's re-election by double his 1954 lead can possibly be reduced in significance by GOP publicists, but I do not envy them the task.

When it comes to explaining the loss of two out of three congressional seats in Maine, there is no alternative to the conclusion that the GOP is critically weak. The Republican Party will probably be beaten in November unless it can reverse the trend. And that goes for the Presidential contest as well as House and Senate. In fact, there is little doubt that the Democrats will carry the House *regardless* of the Presidential and Senatorial outcome.

Frying Pan or Fire?

Multitudes of Democrats and Republicans are enthusiastic supporters of the candidates of their respective parties, but it is doubtful if there have ever been so many hapless dissenters on both sides. Unless there is a great and unforeseeable change, the stay-home vote will be enormous.

While they will not adopt it as a battle-cry, many of the professional Democratic politicians have high hopes that "wit and corn is the winning mix for '56." They count on Stevenson to rope the egghead-ADA-Liberal vote, and on Kefauver to corral Roosevelt's "common man." Their optimism is augmented by the belief that the captive South has no place to go. Nevertheless they are aware that there are many Democrats, north, east, south and west, who regard the Stevenson and Kefauver misalliance as repulsive. Yet dissident Democrats and dissident Republicans see little hope for effective action this year, even if all of the third-party splinter movements could be consolidated.

The New Stevenson

Mr. Eisenhower is not the conquering hero of 1952. He has lost most of the Democrats who supported him four years ago. The Taft Republicans who hoped for the best, against their better judgment, have been completely disillusioned. The South has returned to the Democratic Party. The states with the big electoral votes have been on the fence or leaning Democratic. At this point, with a reasonable hope of being elected, Mr. Stevenson, with nothing to gain and much to lose, tries to out-demagogue Truman.

The Democratic High Command (the voice is Stevenson's but the touch is Truman's) has declared war on Eisenhower in person. Mr. Stevenson uses such phrases as "the Eisenhower betrayal," "the misconduct and corruption" of the Eisenhower Administration. Presidential candidates are notoriously subject to the illusion that they can fill an inside straight. But Stevenson's gamble is even more reckless: he's trying to bluff three of a kind with a three-card flush. Ike has peace and prosperity and popularity—three aces in the game of politics. Adlai has three clubs: his own basic strength; Reuther's questionable dominion over union members and his (Stevenson's) imitation of his mentor, Mr. Truman. Most poker players would toss in such a hand and forget the ante, but Stevenson is drawing to fill. Two more low clubs would beat three aces.

More for Less

Meeting in Washington last week, 200 union research directors of the AFL-CIO did some figuring. Here's what they came up with: more time off; guarantees against automation; a shorter work week that would increase overtime pay; plus demands for much longer vacations and additional benefits in the classifications of seniority, pensions, health and welfare funds. No mention of free beer.

Foreign Trends...w.s.

Nenni's Transparent Game

The Western world, which seems perfectly prepared to perish so long as it is allowed to perish self-deceived, currently savors the prospect of Signor Nenni's "change of heart." The Western world, that is, purports to believe that Nenni's eagerness to swallow Saragat's party, and to enter the Government, signifies his readiness to break with the Communists.

Not only the opposite is true, of course, but Signor Nenni displays his undisguised contempt for "bourgeois" second-guessers. On the eve of his merger with the right-wing Socialists, on August 28, 1956, he gave a flamboyantly frank interview to *France-Observateur*, a Parisian left-wing newspaper that advocates a "united front" with Communism.

France-Observateur asked Nenni: "What about the statements of the press that you have abandoned the position of neutralism and that you now are rallying to support the foreign policy of the West?" Nenni's answer: "We remain neutralists . . . Italy will always work against the division of the world in two blocs."

Question: "What consequences can be expected from an improvement of your relations with Saragat for Italy's domestic politics?" Answer: "It should create a new situation . . . Saragat's 'evolution' could bring about a rapid rupture in the government coalition. On the other hand, it might speed up the 'evolution' within the Christian-Democratic Party. Today, there is no longer a Fascist threat in Italy, but a threat of clericalism, in new forms, more intelligent. Actually, we are confronted with a double phenomenon—considerable progress among certain Catholic circles (teachers, students), but also a contrary hardening of the hierarchy which wants to arrest that evolution. Under the pretext of fighting 'the Communist peril' [it] wants, in fact, to fight modern society."

Question: "How will your Communist comrades appreciate the new situation which you are about to create?" Nenni's answer: "Here again the bourgeois press has tried hard

to create a scandal by announcing our break with our Communist comrades. In fact, we shall end up maintaining excellent relations with the Communist Party . . . There will be no break with the Communists . . ."

Thus spake Nenni—and he said it on August 28, 1956, while "the bourgeois press" was frantically jubilating over his "defection." The suicidal mania, to be sure, is by no means confined to the "bourgeoisie." The Social Democrats of the Old World are doing their utmost to push Saragat's Italian Social Democrats into perdition: Mr. Morgan Phillips, British Labor leader and President of the Socialist International, sponsors the Nenni-Saragat merger which, in Nenni's words, will "end up maintaining excellent relations with the Communist Party."

Nasser Tempts Bonn

For all practical purposes, Dr. Adenauer's physical death has been completely discounted by the crafty politicians who, in the "pragmatic" spirit of the new Germany, have only one ambition—to be, in the final reckoning, on the winning side. To them, even if Adenauer's body still sits in the Chancellor's chair, his policy has been erased by Eisenhower's total change of position: if U.S. policy is coexistence, German policy must not be armament *against* but rapprochement *with* the Soviets.

Assuming a continuous U.S. appeasement of Soviet Russia, this is indeed the only sensible policy for a Germany that does not want to be caught on the losing side again. No matter what belligerent gestures the British and French Governments were simulating at the beginning of the Suez crisis, Mr. Eisenhower's unequivocal "neutralism" could result in only one thing—Nasser's ultimate success. And Germany, no longer inspired by Adenauer's principled policies, was anxious to cash in on Egypt's anticipated growth in stature throughout the Near East.

In addition to what improved German-Egyptian relations might mean to Germany's standing with the Soviet

world, Germany's export needs make her especially responsive to Nasser's lure. While Great Britain's share in the world's commerce has sunk from 25 per cent in 1950 to 19 per cent in 1955, West Germany's has grown from 6 per cent in 1950 to 17 per cent in 1955. And Great Britain is trying desperately to prevent West Germany from beating her to second place (after the U.S.) in a few short months. Germany, consequently, seems determined to let no principle stand in her way—now that principles have been abandoned by the U.S.

Nasser has lost no time, and no opportunity, to tempt German appetites. He has, in fact, based his strategy on Egypt's future cooperation with Western Germany—the economic corollary to Egypt's political cooperation with Soviet Russia.

Nasser agrees with the British that nobody can run the Suez Canal without pilots—but he has a pretty good idea where he can get some: from Germany. The International Suez Company employed 220 pilots, most of whom the Company may be able to withdraw from Egypt. But in Holtenau and Brunsbüttelkoog, Germany, 230 first-rate pilots work for the "Nord-Ostsee Kanal" which connects Kiel in the Baltic with Cuxhaven in the North Sea. The "Nord-Ostsee Kanal" and the Suez Canal pose almost exactly the same technical problems: a "sole" of 44 meters in the German canal, of 42 meters in the Suez—a respective depth of 9.5 and 10.5 meters. Any pilot experienced in one canal can operate in the other.

Nasser has offered German pilots an annual income of about \$20,000 for the first two years and more than \$30,000 for every year thereafter. The current average income of the German pilots is about \$4,000. So, obviously, a considerable number of them will be unable to resist the temptation—unless the German Government compels them to. And, for the moment at least, the German Government sees no reason to align itself with Great Britain's and France's losing cause in Egypt. On the contrary, the German Government is ready to follow the American lead, accept an apparently uncheckable Soviet advance throughout the Near East and, if possible, make a killing on what the stock exchange euphemistically calls "anticipation."

Six Quakers in Search of Coexistence

After thirty days in the Soviet Union, six American Quakers write a report which an expert on pro-Soviet apologetics finds “cold and cynical”

EUGENE LYONS

I have before me a handsomely printed pamphlet published by the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia under the title “Meeting the Russians: American Quakers Visit the Soviet Union.” It is a joint report on a tour of that country last June by a group of six: Clarence E. Pickett, secretary emeritus of the Committee, two members of its staff, the woman editor of a leading Quaker magazine and two others, a marketing specialist and college professor.

The pamphlet is as cold-blooded and cynical a document as has come to my attention in many a year, and I am something of a connoisseur of the literature of pro-Soviet apologetics. I searched its 94 pages for a word of compassion for the victims of the brutal totalitarian state; a soupçon of sympathy for the millions steeped (as is evident even in this account of conditions) in wretchedness and subjected to routinized injustice; a syllable of sharp criticism of the Communist despots. In vain.

These Quakers blandly record that in their “appraisal . . . of the forces operating in Soviet society” they had ruled out “emotionalism” in favor of “reason.” Evidently they decided that any hint of fellow-feeling for the oppressed or censure of their masters would be contrary to the dictates of reason. To make it even more nauseous, the report is utterly self-righteous, invoking religion, peace and other noble values on every page.

The collective authors identify themselves as “persons of good-will who disagree fundamentally with Marxism but at the same time are concerned about creating genuine peace and mutual understanding between the Communist and non-Communist worlds.” They deny in effect that there are any decisive differences, except in degree, between the two. “It is impossible to carve the world up into ‘good’ parts and ‘evil’

parts,” they declare. The quotation marks around the key words suggest, I suppose, that good and evil are not realities but imaginary, arbitrary values. It would be interesting to ascertain whether they found it equally impossible to acknowledge that Nazi Germany in its day was an “evil part” as compared, let us say, with their own country.

Astonishing Alibis

The standard apologia for Communism in practice denies or minimizes its more conspicuous obscenities. It is therefore obliged to spell out the horrors—forced labor, man-made famine, mass slaughter of innocents, frame-up and torture, etc.—for purposes of rebuttal.

This Quaker report deviates from that standard. It does concede, not forthrightly but by generalized implications, that there are morally reprehensible aspects to Soviet reality. But it disdains to deal with them concretely, as if they did not really merit close inspection; and it “explains” them, dispassionately, tolerantly, in the name of “mutual understanding.” In every case, the considerations advanced as explanations are thereafter treated as alibis, on the astonishing theory that once we know *why* someone commits crimes, how he rationalizes them, his conduct ceases to be evil—after which, under the banner of brotherly love, we can proceed to collaborate with him.

The two basic explanations are set forth on the very first page and invoked repeatedly when an allusion to unnamed depravities becomes unavoidable:

1. The Soviet regime “views morality in terms of military necessity.” Because it is engaged “in class war and revolution,” its morality “can best be understood by comparing it

to the ethical standard that has generally been accepted by almost everybody—even most Christians—in time of international war.” That is how one explains “virtually everything in Communist conduct that shocks the moral principles of non-Communists.”

The six Quakers considerably avoid specifying, here or anywhere else, what it is in Communist conduct that is morally shocking to unbelievers. Are these doughty six among the Christians who accept the ethical standard of war? As Quakers they hardly can be, and therefore have still to explain why they are so tolerant of that standard when applied to class war and revolution. Besides, how come that Soviet totalitarianism, after forty years of absolute power and the claimed creation of a classless society, still justifies its immorality in terms of war? Since that war is conducted by the Kremlin against its subjects, can outsiders, especially Quakers, remain neutralist between the contending parties?

There are no answers, not even bad answers, to such obvious questions anywhere in the report. Having given the official rationale for terror, the Quaker reporters simply drop the matter.

2. The second major explanation “sees Soviet dogmatism as an expression of a belief in ‘one true faith.’” The Red bosses are “warrior-priests” of a “militant state religion.” All non-Communists are therefore infidel enemies by definition, persecution of the heathens is logical, and “it would be as unrealistic to expect them [the Communists] to allow genuinely free elections as it would have been to expect free elections in the Sixteenth Century in the Spain of the Inquisition.”

With that they apparently consider themselves absolved from any obligation to describe and condemn the consequences of this Communist assump-

tion. Suppose they had been visiting sixteenth-century Spain: would they similarly have sanctioned the Inquisition by silence and similarly abstained from exposing and offering judgments on its operations?

Blame It on the Tsars

Where the convenient metaphors of war (war by a state against its citizenry) and religion (a religion of atheism and amorality) do not quite cover some unpleasant side of Soviet life, these Quakers resort to another gambit all too familiar in pro-Soviet apologetics: they blame it on Russia's past.

Most Soviet citizens, they say, do not know what we mean by a free society in the Western sense—"there was little in Russia before the Revolution that would add to their understanding of the term." "We were not able to fulfil our interest in visiting the Baltic regions and forced labor camps"—but after all, there is the age-old "Russian cult of secrecy." (Incidentally, this is the one and only mention of forced labor in the 94 pages!) Soviet totalitarianism merely continues the "monolithic" character of its tsarist predecessor.

I haven't the space here to go into the exaggerations and plain ignorance of Russian history packed into such alibis. (A long chapter in my book, *Our Secret Allies*, is devoted to the subject.) But how do Mr. Pickett and the others account for the identical monolithic structure, secrecy, purges, etc. in Red Czechoslovakia and all other non-Russian Communist states? Hasn't it occurred to them that some of the evils are inherently Communist rather than Russian? Besides, were Quakers before 1917 as benignly tolerant of tsarism as this sextet seems to be of Communism? And just one more question raised by their historical analogy: are the dimensions of an evil—let us say 30,000 political prisoners under the tsars as against 15 million under the Soviets—of no significance?

These Quakers state, of course, that their objective is "to understand" the Soviet system and that all this does not "imply any approval." Yet nowhere do they voice vigorous disapproval. Nowhere do they help their readers to grasp the dimensions of

the suffering and injustice flowing from the regime's class-war and one-true-faith obsession. On the contrary, they argue that, given sufficient goodwill, we can coexist and cooperate with the obsessed, and indeed they "look forward with hope that our two great powers can learn to work toward the common welfare of the world." It will be quite a feat to harmonize permanent class warfare and militant evangelism for the Communist religion with universal welfare.

The authors attest: "We have no reason to believe it [the Soviet regime] has altered its revolutionary objectives or abandoned its war psychology or its intolerance of dissent." But we need only break through the "wall of misunderstanding and suspicion" to achieve collaboration. The things that separate the free from the Communist world, including "everything in Communist conduct that shocks the moral principles of non-Communists," are thus neatly wished away, reduced to figments of misunderstanding and mirages of suspicion.

Let's Not Be Suspicious

The tom-tom insistence of "understanding" the Communists is really funny, when one stops to think of it. Mr. Pickett and his associates overlook the simple fact that those in the free world who understand the Communists best, who have lived among them or have fled from the Red orbit, are the most deeply dedicated to the struggle against Communism. It is from among those who least understand the Soviet realities that Moscow's fifth columns are recruited. Actually the Quaker mission, in urging us to forswear "suspicion" of a system which frankly and proudly lists the Big Lie, double-dealing and double-talk among its revolutionary weapons, is asking us to misunderstand that system.

The pamphlet's delicate allusions to the terror, including the heinous crimes now admitted by Stalin's successors, take such euphemistic forms as this: "Up to the present there has been little room for rebels in the Soviet Union." A reference to "misinformation about Americans by the Russian press" is balanced with the statement that there is often "ignor-

ance concerning facts about Russia in the American press." The circumstance that Americans who want it have ample access to the truth, whereas in the USSR it is strictly outlawed, seems of no moment to these amazing Americans.

Without disclosing how they took their poll of 200 million policed and censored citizens, they report that they found "a general belief in the justice and correctness of Soviet policies." They show that living standards are tragically low; that clothing is in "short supply"; that in housing the city people do not "enjoy even a minimum standard of decency." But they hasten to warn that this must not be taken "to mean the 'failure' of the Soviet system." Why not?

If conditions in the towns are bad, they are far worse in the countryside where "some two-thirds of the Soviet population" still lives: "The farmers' position is generally worse than that of the workers." But lest an impetuous reader yield to sympathy, they remind him at once that similar misery exists "among the farmers of other lands, both East and West."

Such is this extraordinary product of thirty days in Khrushchev's prisonland. "Sixty years ago," the travelers recall, "British and American Friends lent help to persecuted Russian Dukhobors." But it did not occur to them to make any such proffer of help to millions of Russians now persecuted.

At the end of nearly every chapter they offer gratuitous advice to the Communists. With regard to the food crisis, they recommend, for instance, "lessening specialization, increasing incentives and reducing the size of farms." The marketing specialist in the group, on the eve of departing for Russia, informed the *New York Times* of his hope to teach the Communists "merchandising know-how."

But this helpful disposition finds no reflection in the moral area. They simply forgot to recommend the abolition of slave labor and confessions by torture, the restoration of some of the elementary human rights that did exist before the Revolution, or—most amazing for a religious group—the elimination of the social and economic discriminations to which believing Christians are subjected.

Notes for a Controversy

The Liberals, says the author, know what they want: to control thought and communication and to destroy all opposition. The conservatives, lacking a "definite core of principle," are frustrated opportunists

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

"The trouble with conservatives," Murray Kempton once remarked, "is that they're becoming as dishonest as the liberals." With this trident's thrust, he hoped to impale the conservatives, the Liberals, and himself; that is the nature of Mr. Kempton's nihilism. But for all of its provocation, the remark was untrue and lacking in intuition.

Whatever the verbal dishonesties of the Liberals, they are all too forthright in their aims; to retain control of the intellectual community, and thereby the media of mass thought and mass communication, and to destroy utterly all who oppose them. Those three weird sisters of Liberal rhetoric—James Wechsler, Richard Rovere, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.—have made this all too clear.

Nor are the conservatives dishonest. To be quite blunt about it, they are simply not anything. Having accrued a smattering of political shibboleths, they are bound more by frustration than by doctrine. They weep by Babel's waters; between sobs they mutter of tradition. But they have yet to define that tradition or their own philosophical roots.

In his plea for conservative clarity, Frank Meyer recently wrote [*NATIONAL REVIEW*, August 11]: "If only those who speak seriously in the name of conservatism would come to see that reverence for tradition . . . is not by itself enough! The tradition is diverse and varied." And he plaintively urged "a definite core of principle." This, certainly, is enough for Mr. Meyer. He speaks from the high ground of a solid intellectuality; he has come to grips with the paradox of freedom-in-authority, as the theologian faces the problem of good-in-evil; he operates within the same frame of reference as, let us say, Sir David Kelly in England.

But does Mr. Meyer's aristocratic conservatism apply in the here-and-now of the American political scene, in a philosophical climate which is pragmatist and a religious aura which (whatever there may be of it) is Calvinist? Does it derive from the American historical experience, or are its roots in Oxford and Salamanca?

The answer may be found in the rootlessness and opportunism of those in America who call themselves conservative, and I am not referring to the Peter Vierecks or the Clinton Rossiter who run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. For where was the "core of principle" when they rallied around Senator McCarthy? His anti-Communism was robust and sincere. But anti-Communism of itself is not conservative unless it aims at more than the military manifestations of our time's plague. It becomes even less so when it is uttered by a man who combines it with a call for 120 per cent of parity, as Mr. McCarthy has done.

The American "conservative" shuts his eyes to this, for he is limited by a pantheon and a demonology. As a conservative, he hates Paul Hoffman (with justice) and admires Senator Knowland (with even more justice). But when Mr. Knowland votes to confirm Mr. Hoffman's nomination to the United Nations delegation, ideology is confounded and the core of conservative principle is reduced to the size of a pea.

Caught up in these contradictions, the American conservative confuses Southern obstinacy with traditionalism. But the sorry fact is that Southern conservatism is one vast illusion, gone with the wind and the magnolia blossoms. As the product of an agrarian society, it was moribund even before the War Between The

States destroyed the plantation system which nourished the narrow limits of Southern culture—and in the New Deal days it reached for the federal handout as eagerly as any other section of the country. Today it is wedded to a racism directly antithetical to all concepts of human dignity and finds its most adequate representation in the slick business posture of a Herman Talmadge.

Roots of the GOP

The fog of history, fortunately, obscures the view of those Republicans who hark back nostalgically to the "party of Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt." For the infant Republican Party was no receptacle of conservatism, in the Burkean or any other sense. Its great hero at the founding convention of 1856 was Thomas Jefferson, source and symbol of today's statist Liberalism and the cult of impersonality.

The Grand Old Party's roots in the Midwest were watered more by the vast giveaway of the Homestead Act than by anti-slavery feeling. And in the East the dominant force which shaped the party was the Workingman's Associations. In the 1860 election, moreover, it was strongly opposed by the Northern industrialists whose self-interest would have led them to favor a nascent American conservatism.

To claim Theodore Roosevelt is a misreading of the record. He was a strong President who openly espoused the power of the Executive over Congress. He was unabashedly an interventionist with a vibrant sense of America's manifest destiny, and had the Bricker Amendment been proposed during his Administration the roof of the Executive Mansion would have been shaken by his wrath.

In domestic policy, he was the spiritual father of the conservatism which has given us TVA—and the Hoover Commission has sadly noted that we are still paying for some of his reclamation projects. There was greatness in Theodore Roosevelt, but it was not cast in the mold of conservatism.

A longer search of American history is no more encouraging. For the poet laureate of this nation, at the hour of its birth was Thomas Paine, a vulgar singer of the people, yes—but God, no. George Washington was in most things truly conservative, particularly in his richly prophetic preoccupation with foreign policy. But the dominant influence in the Federalist Party was Hamilton's, lauded now in campaign oratory but pernicious in its views on the function of the central government and of the Constitution.

The conspicuous example of the articulate conservative statesman is John C. Calhoun, yet he was a tragic figure, a Cassandra, a failure bypassed by his times. Let us admit it: The paucity of conservative thought and action in the chronicles of the Republic was unconsciously betrayed by Russell Kirk's aside: "Half the history of American conservatism, or nearly that, must be an account of the Adamses." Four men, no matter how brilliant, do not make up a tradition.

Nor does the American literary tradition offer any comfort to the American Right. Three currents have flowed into that tradition. They are exemplified by Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, and Henry James. The first offered an uncoordinated and double-jointed *mystique* of the common man, almost sexual in its palpitancy. In the second, the conservative instinct had turned negative and destructive; its forefather was Voltaire, its latter-day apostle Henry L. Mencken. The third made a dignified escape from Main Street and Brook Farm.

Even religion, whose ritual imperatives enriched the British and Continental experience, offers no firm footing for a putative American conservatism. Protestantism, for all the strenuous intellection of Reinhold Niebuhr, seeks the "popular" way and depicts the Passion as a kind of death of a salesman; American Catholicism, seeded by Jansenism,

veers ever closer to the Protestant road—and Thomism becomes the handmaiden of Robert Hutchins; and American Judaism revitalizes itself by "reforming" the dietary laws and substituting for the God of Isaiah a kind of cosmic impartial chairman. Despite figures on church attendance and the public invocation of our "precious Lord," the net effect has been to perpetuate what Tocqueville observed: a widespread American agnosticism.

Lacking a broad-based tradition, much of what passes for conservatism has been merely reactionary, in the non-pejorative sense. Individuals and groupings have reacted against the headlong rush of American society toward the totalitarian democracy unleashed by the French Revolution. They have struggled energetically against the prevailing view, drawn from Rousseau, that "as nature gives each man power over his limbs, so the social contract gives the body politic absolute power over its members." They have challenged the tyranny of the simple majority. That they fought, instead of sulking in

anti-Jacobin cellars, is to their everlasting credit. But it is a negative manifestation.

This was partially recognized by Herbert Hoover in his moving address to the Republican Convention. "The greatest issue in America and all mankind is the encroachment of governments to master the lives of men," he said. "Those great documents of 180 years ago . . . need a forceful annex, stating the principles which must guide our country . . ."

Latent Conservatism

There is no need to minimize the negative manifestation. It is a heartening one, for it demonstrates that there is in this country a conservative bent, widespread though latent and inarticulate. There is a stirring of the conservative spirit which may eventually grow into a great surge. It has surged before, unmannered and unfocused in the hours of American crisis. But this spirit is a long way from the definite core of principle which we seek.

Before it crystallizes, there must be a long, dark night of the soul—a period of examination, ferment, and distillation. For a tradition and a core of principle cannot spring full-grown from the foreheads of intellectuals, though they provide those necessary disciplines which are immediate and eternal. An American conservative tradition cannot be created at all so long as the Right finds the Cause Militant in anti-fluoridation or mental health in Alaska. Nor will it survive, once created, if it takes as its sole bastion an American Constitution which, as amended by the complex majority of the states and the dictate of the Supreme Court, increasingly sustains the absolute power of the body politic.

American conservatism can only derive tangentially from the struggles of the British Parliament. It must be born from the minds, the aspirations, and the inspiration of a native conservative consensus. Beyond two imperatives—the Divine Law and the sanctity of individual liberty—it must be organic.

"Political freedom," said Whittaker Chambers, "is only a political reading of the Bible." This, perhaps, is the start.



Kreuttner

"Since there are only 25,000 potential traitors in this country, why shouldn't this small minority be entitled to a fair representation in Government, schools and defense plants?"

Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

With the Rock Dwellers in Italy

An Italian governmental institution that wields considerable power, and uses even more considerable amounts of tax revenue, is the *Cassa per il Mezzogiorno* ("Treasury for the South"). Its birth was due to a visit of the late Alcide De Gasperi to Matera, a city south of Bari, famous for its *Sassi*, the rock dwellings. Viewed from the heights of this amazing city, the *Sassi* seem to be an agglomeration of bizarre houses. Yet upon closer inspection they turn out to be vertical fronts of stone, brick and plaster behind which the rooms are cut into the rock. At the sight of the misery in which so many of his fellow Italians were living, De Gasperi burst into tears. There and then the man from Italy's North decided to rehabilitate the long-suffering *Mezzogiorno*.

The agrarian reform in Italy's South, a measure devised to stem the tide of Communism among the *braccianti* (landless laborers) and small peasants, was conceived about the same time. The *Cassa* itself organized the settlement of the peasants on the soil that was expropriated from the owners of vast estates, and financed a score of other enterprises devised to regenerate the ailing South.

I recently went to Matera, saw the *Sassi*, and spoke to the inhabitants who are in the process of being resettled in a new suburb of Matera, Serra Venerdi (if they are workers or artisans), or installed in one of the new villages (if they are farmers). It is difficult to believe, but true: some of these urbanized peasants from the *Sassi* live up to nineteen miles from their farmland and spend up to five hours every working day getting there in their two-wheeled horse carts. Some of them live, together with their horse (and chickens), in a single room hewn into the rock. The inhabitants of the *Sassi* have for generations known no other life. They have always borne it with cheerfulness, equanimity and courage. True, they are no worse off than their ancestors in the neolithic age, but they

live, after all, in a world where ideas cross boundaries with ease, and where the living standards of advanced foreign countries are universally known.

There are dwellings in the *Sassi* which are an abomination. (I have also seen some that are surprisingly clean, airy, well-kept.) There is here, indubitably, a danger spot to be exploited by the Communists who use it as Exhibit A in their nationwide propaganda. Whatever the cost, the *Sassi* must be eliminated.

I visited and talked with the new settlers of Serra Venerdi, a well-planned suburb consisting of modern apartment houses with all conveniences. Living in an aura of unreality, they seem somewhat afraid that their dream may end as abruptly as it began. The difference between Serra Venerdi and the new village of La Martella is that the former cave dwellers have to pay rent in Serra Venerdi (which they had never done before and which they often consider "unfair"), while in La Martella the resettled peasants become owners of their new homes and farms once they have repaid the state at least part of the value.

The *Cassa* not only resettles peasants and workers but also improves the land by large-scale irrigation and enormous dams. It develops water supplies and electric power, fights malaria and builds churches, schools and agricultural research stations. It even finances factories and hotels: together with Count Marzotto (textile king, fish-breeder, wine merchant, paper manufacturer, and financial genius of ancient lineage), the *Cassa* covers the entire South with a network of "Jolly Hotels," which have opened large areas to tourist trade.

I traveled all over the country with men from the staff of the *Cassa*, almost all "Demo-Christians," enthusiasts and patriots, who will soon lose their jobs because the *Cassa* is scheduled for liquidation. I am fully aware of the sensible arguments my

friends, the libertarian opponents of any kind of state-subsidized economy, have to present against the *Cassa*. But I have this to say in defense of it and of the land-reform:

If we believe in free enterprise and a free market economy, we also believe that the owners of the means of production have certain obligations—not only moral ("social") but also material. Most of the owners of Southern Italy's large estates, instead of putting their property to good use, have "buried their talents." Free enterprise can succeed morally only if it succeeds materially and socially. This is the secret of the popularity and the success of the American economic system.

If a rural upper class allows the soil to lie fallow and to become eroded; if it practices irresponsible absentee ownership; if it fails to contribute its share to feeding an overpopulated country; if, for all these reasons, it is unable to pay a living wage to the agricultural worker and unwilling to sell the land for a fair price—such a class then has to face the uncomfortable process of agrarian reform. And the agrarian reform in Southern Italy was not socialization or nationalization. It tried, on the contrary, to turn landless people into landowners, thus increasing the vested interest in private property. Irrigation dams were built in order to benefit voluntary associations of landowners, large and small. Collective farming was nowhere instituted or encouraged.

While it is perfectly true that the decrease in Communist votes in the new communities has been slight (between 10 and 15 per cent), one must have patience with those who benefit from the immense change. The South Italian peasant does not tend toward sudden "conversions." (This is less true of the factory worker in the *Mezzogiorno*—witness the Olivetti factory in Pozzuoli, where only one out of seven workers' councilmen now represent the CGIL, the Red trade union.)

Thus, weighing the work of the *Cassa*, the libertarian cannot be over-enthusiastic. But, comparing this particular social revolution with that of other countries east and west of the Iron Curtain, he has to admit that the positive aspects of this strange venture outweigh the obvious risks.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Education of Governors

Do not assiduously read the daily newspapers: that way lies madness. A critic of American weekly journals of opinion recently remarked to me that all our serious weeklies, radical, liberal, or conservative, suffer from a common fault, their common tone of complaint that "many little things are wrong." This criticism is sound, and I plead guilty to it myself. If only so many little things *weren't* wrong! No, I must stop reading those newspapers.

For instance, the public relations division of Michigan State University, East Lansing, recently released to the newspapers a doleful little item (which, however, presumably gladdens the heart of MSU); and the Fates set my eye upon it. This is the distasteful little gobbet:

Many high schools across the nation show an interest in adding fly-casting, fishing, and hunting to their educational programs, a Michigan State University professor said today. Associate Professor Julian W. Smith, of the outdoor education department, said a survey of 28,000 secondary schools indicated more than 50 per cent were interested in developing such courses. Discussions on the subject will be held this week at the MSU W. K. Kellogg Gull Lake Biological station at Hickory Corners, Thursday through Saturday.

By a wise prejudice, Burke said, a man's habit becomes his virtue. Cherishing my prejudices upon Burke's authority, I confess to entertaining an ineradicable prejudice against panders. I have a particular distaste for publisher-panders, and I think it one of the few virtues of Senator Keifauver that, from one motive or another, he has paid some attention to their traffic. Yet there is one sort of pander even more unlovely: and that is the pander who prostitutes the higher learning.

The man who degrades the higher learning by converting the academy into an intellectual bordello is, perhaps, more aptly called a crimp than

a pimp. By an adroit mingling of flattery with coercion, he impresses the public and the student into serving before the mast of that leaky tub which sails under the name of Cafeteria-Style Curriculum. And he carries the blackjack always ready to hand. It is a bold academician, nowadays, who will venture to remonstrate against the crimps and panders in his own institution. Besides, the pander-crimp has a pocketful of king's shillings for good little professors who know how to keep their peace.

An enterprising firm of unabashed pornographers with offices in the City of the Angels, out in California, recently have been doing a thriving trade in selling dirty pictures by mail to college students, getting their addresses from the rosters of enrolled students which colleges make available to insurance-agents and the like. The lady who heads this firm solicits custom with a letter proclaiming that she, like the American Library Association, believes in the Freedom to Read. "We believe that persons of mature mind should be free to choose their own reading-matter." I trust that the Fund for the Republic will strike a medal in her honor. This candid young woman Feels Free.

Well, though I don't propose to invest my money in the profitable business concern which the young lady in Los Angeles heads, still I should be less embarrassed to have a hand in that lively traffic than to be privy to the sort of enterprise which our Professor Julian W. Smith, the Socrates of "outdoor education," and his masters are engaged upon. Let me interject here that I have not the faintest objection to walking by the banks of the Ilyssus with Socrates, or to casting a fly in the august company of Professor Julian W. Smith. Outdoor education is all right with me, so long as it is education, and fly-casting is all right with me, so long

as it is fly-casting. But the higher learning and fly-casting, like art and sex, don't mix. Cast not your flies in Heracleitus' river of change, nor crown Nimrod with the wild olive of the Grove of Academe. The old Greeks believed in the combination of a sound mind with a sound body, but they never confounded the separate disciplines which produce these two.

I do not mean to crush a butterfly on the wheel. The follies of which this "outdoor education" nonsense of the professional educationists is a symptom might be tolerated if this nation were not at the crisis of its fate. We might only smile, in a different age, at the waste of public funds incident to this scheme; at paying an associate professor of outdoor education double the salary of a professor of philosophy; at debauching the minds and the tastes of twenty-eight thousand secondary schools by soliciting them to waste the fleeting hours in pedantic imbecilities. We might smile, I say, if we were not at the crisis of our fate.

This, however, is a time for what the late Gordon Chalmers—after Sir Thomas Elyot—called "the education of governors." We are confronted with a menace to the dignity of man almost unparalleled in history. We will need to win our Waterloos of the mind, and possibly our Waterloos of the field. Yet in this hour, the president of a Midwestern state university will assert, unabashed, "There is no program of study to which we will not stoop, if the public seems to desire it." This energumen was *not* Dr. John A. Hannah, President of Michigan State University. Dr. Hannah, on the contrary, in a recent address to the Michigan Schoolmaster' Club, declared that we require "education for inequality" if we are to meet the exigencies of the age; and he pointed out that the Russians, who take education seriously, are not much given to frivolity in their universities. Yet Dr. Hannah is President of Michigan State University, that institution so eager to persuade secondary-school representatives to attend three-day conferences on developing fly-casting programs. Perhaps the talk to the Michigan Schoolmasters announces a change of policy. Words without thoughts, I am too fond of murmuring, to heaven never go.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Danse Macabre

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

The execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg provoked an international fit of anti-Americanism. It was Sacco and Vanzetti all over again, as far as some American and most European intellectuals were concerned: America had formally abandoned justice, had relapsed into an undifferentiated pogrom against nonconformists.

How on earth did it all happen? Particularly in the light of the fact that the Rosenbergs *were* guilty? It is a fascinating story, and it is fascinatingly told in a 137-page booklet published by the House Committee on Un-American Activities (inexplicably titled "Trial by Treason"). It is the story of a marvelously successful propaganda operation by the Communist Party. For those who doubt that the Communists can bring off an international illusion of the first magnitude, it is essential reading.

In 1951, the Communist Party in the United States had its back to the wall. The Korean War, the revelations of Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley, the continued oppressions of Stalin, had put the Communists on the defensive. The Party carefully looked about for ways to invigorate its ranks, replenish its coffers, and reassert its championship of the victim of the heavy capitalist heel. It needed a good fight over something; better still, over somebody. The Rosenbergs were a natural.

The Report shrewdly draws attention to the wonderful exploitability of the Rosenbergs, given an exploiter of total cynicism and sangfroid. In the first place, the Rosenbergs were headed for the electric chair, and the disciplinary extinction of any human life is always tragic. (Drama.) And then they persisted in asserting their innocence. (Miscarriage of Justice.) Capital punishment had never before been exacted in America for that kind of crime. (Cruel and Unusual Punishment.) They were Jews. (Anti-Semitism.) As Jews, they were members of a minority group. (Persecution of minority groups.) Should information of a scientific nature, even on atom bombs, be kept secret? (Freedom of inquiry.) They were Communists. (Civil Liberties.) Even assuming they were guilty, is not a nation with soul capable of mercy? (Compassion.)

Wrapping it up, the Communists had a package that beckoned seductively at scientists, ministers, Jews, Negroes, and humanitarians-at-large. They ensnared as head of the Save the Rosenbergs Committee Dr. Harold Urey, a Nobel Prize winner who, no one was allowed to forget, developed some of the secrets the Rosenbergs stole. Or, rather, allegedly stole, for Dr. Urey declared that he found "the testimony of the Rosenbergs more believable than that of the Greenglasses." In this judgment other prominent scientists, many of them practiced dupes of Communism, concurred—for example Albert Einstein, Robert Condon, and Harlow Shapley. Diverse Liberals joined in, e.g., Norman Thomas, Richard Niebuhr, Freda Kirchwey, Zechariah Chafee, Lewis Mumford, Arthur Garfield Hays and Elmer Davis. Ministers—particularly if they had ever been near a divinity school—came in by the carload. Many prominent Negroes were taken in. But the maneuver failed,

notwithstanding. The American Civil Liberties Union declared that the Rosenbergs had enjoyed all their civil liberties.

All responsible Jewish groups denounced the movement to identify the Rosenbergs' conviction as anti-Semitism. *Commentary* branded the campaign a venture of "breathhtaking mendacity and impudence." It is fair to say that in America the contention that the Rosenbergs were in fact innocent of the crime with which they were charged never persuaded very many people. The overwhelming majority of the non-Communists who sided with the Rosenbergs were asking for mercy, not justice.

The Communists met with more success in Europe, perhaps because of the disposition, particularly among European intellectuals, to find America guilty of anything. *Le Monde's* correspondent in Washington, who was on hand at the trial, filed stories to the effect that the Rosenbergs were in fact guilty, was duly recalled and replaced with a reporter whose assessment of the evidence was more congenial to the views of *Le Monde's* editor. Jean Paul Sartre and François Mauriac and Bertrand Russell unquestionably believe that the Rosenbergs were innocent, that here is the mid-century's Dreyfus Affair. They will die thinking it.

Almost as certainly they will not read the House Committee's publication, a most valuable chronicle of the engineering of a smear on a people and their institutions. The story is vividly told. Sometimes the language is arch, but sometimes it is genuinely eloquent. Always it is indignant. One feels that the author of the Report, whoever he is, was genuinely outraged by the brutal cynicism of the enemy. It is sad—and dangerous—that the sheer number and frequency of Communist crimes callouses a society to their horror. It is good to feel the wrath of this document.

The Thing

Man and Materialism, by Fred Hoyle.
161 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.75

Mr. Hoyle, who will be remembered as an astronomer given to somewhat sensational speculations, begins this book with a puerile witticism and proceeds to elucidate all the problems of mankind in a style that would be appropriate in a "Book of Knowledge" written for bright ten-year-olds. But, if one can endure his patronizing manner, he does have something to say.

I shall not quarrel with Mr. Hoyle's stridently evangelical materialism. In fact, so long as he operates as a materialist and a skeptic, he attains a laudable objectivity. He sees, for example, that in the United States and England "The democratic process . . . has been reduced to a choice between near identities. However our votes are cast at the next election, we shall get one or the other of two identical twins." He does not hesitate to expose the fatuity of our shoddy sentimentalism about "underdeveloped" areas: "The colored peoples are accepting wholeheartedly the white man's technology, but . . . the white man is often actively despised for the rest of his culture"—especially for his "moral and ethical conventions." Obviously, therefore, when our society promotes the industrialization of the former colonial areas, it "sows the seeds of its own destruction."

But Mr. Hoyle is not a consistent skeptic, and his pose as a big, bold materialist is in the end revealed to

be largely a bluff. From the dusty lumber-room of early nineteenth-century Idealism he has dragged Hegel's old mannikin, the *Weltgeist*, and renamed it "The Thing." Before this refurbished idol we are exhorted to bow down and worship.

The Thing, we are told, is an organism composed of all human beings, just as a man is an organism composed of many protoplasmic cells. The Thing "controls the destiny of the human species" and possesses "a power and a consciousness of which we as the individual components are at best only dimly aware."

Mr. Hoyle, however, has found some means of communication with his god, and he knows much about Its intentions. It demands, for example, "a world-wide change in the organization of human civilization," namely the abolition of national sovereignties. The Thing has willed the inevitable Socialism that we, in our folly, call Communism. To oppose our puny human wills to the decrees of this new deity would be futile; but somehow Mr. Hoyle is eager that we sanctify ourselves by piously cooperating with the Inevitable.

Mr. Hoyle's new cult will make his book acceptable to the Liberals, who will doubtless pardon him his moments of heresy as they hasten to prostrate themselves before the streamlined Dragon. But a confirmed skeptic will wonder whether Mr. Hoyle is not having his little joke.

REVILO OLIVER

He Asked for It

The Professor and the Fossil, by Maurice Samuel. 277 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.00

Arnold Toynbee has only himself to blame if his historical work is criticized polemically from a point of view more concerned with contemporary realities than with historical analysis. Not content with making himself a preacher of highly doubtful doctrines about current political matters, he has allowed his preoccupation with these matters to distort the very structure and sweep of his historical life-work, *A Study of History*.

It is therefore not strange that what

might be regarded as a purely theoretical hypothesis—his analysis of the role of Jewry as a remnant, a "fossil," of an older civilization surviving into Western history—has become an object of polemic for Jewish scholars. Mr. Samuel does a very capable job of exhibiting the difficulties inherent in Toynbee's historical analysis, and succeeds in raising serious doubts not only of the validity of his analysis of the conceptual function and historical role of the Jews, but also of his entire concept of a "Syriac civilization."

Primarily, however, *The Professor and the Fossil* is an impassioned attack on Toynbee's bloodless and doctrinaire attitude to the world he lives in. Mr. Samuel speaks against Toynbee for Judaism in much the same way that Douglas Jerrold in *The Lie About the West* has spoken for Christianity. Each has, I think, made a powerful and a very persuasive case.

FRANK S. MEYER

On a Pinpoint

Meaning and Necessity: A Study in Semantics and Modal Logic, by Rudolf Carnap. 258 pp. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. \$5.00

We are accustomed to smile, a little unjustly, at the arguments of the Medieval Scholastics, such as the famous and partly apocryphal debate concerning the number of angels who could stand on the point of a pin. Such controversies were essentially means of refining the methods of logical analysis, and it is no exaggeration to say that they have been revived in the current study of semantics.

The esoteric science was appropriately inaugurated by the publication in 1922 of Wittgenstein's *Tractatus logico-philosophicus*. Some modern writers on this subject arrive at a Nominalism that would have shocked the most audacious disciple of William of Ockham. They are opposed now, as in the Middle Ages, by the Realists. Of the latter doctrine Professor Carnap is probably the ablest exponent. His book is a delightful exercise in subtle and acute ontological analysis—if you take pleasure in such things.

R.P.O.

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REVIEWED IN BRIEF

A Military History of the Western World, Vol. III, by Major-General J. F. C. Fuller. 666 pp. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$6.00

No one in recent years, unless it be Liddell Hart, has written so well of military questions as Major-General J. F. C. Fuller. This third volume brings to a fitting, if ominous, close his study of warfare in the West, a study that is at the same time an epitome of Western history. The theme of this final volume is war in the age of the Industrial Revolution, war "governed by a single law—that every means is justified by the end—[that] no moral or spiritual conceptions or traditional behaviour must stand in [the] way." It ends with the emergence of a new kind of war, the product of the material development and the moral degeneration of that age. All-out physical warfare in the old sense has become so destructive as to be no longer an effective instrument of policy. Decision today rests in the successful prosecution of that new combination of political, economic, guerrilla and civil warfare which we call, for lack of a better name, cold war.

The Permanent Purge, by Zbigniew K. Brzezinski. 256 pp. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. \$4.75

An able and well-documented history and interpretation of the Soviet purge as an integral institution of totalitarianism. The best book on the subject to appear since Beck and Godin's *Russian Purge*, it is marred only by a tendency to use the cant and concepts of sociological terms—a tendency, however, which Mr. Brzezinski resists much more successfully than most of his colleagues.

A World in Revolution, by Sidney Lens. 250 pp. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. \$3.75

Mr. Lens has a prescription for American foreign policy. In essence it differs little from the one Stevenson, Bowles and the rest of the Peace-by-Point-Four alchemists have been giving us, but it has the refresh-

ing quality of utter frankness. The enemy is feudalism; the goal is some form of socialism, towards which both Communism and capitalism are evolving. Our task is to preserve peace by joining the revolution against feudalism through massive subsidization of other people's economies at a cost to the American taxpayer of tens of billions of dollars. How overthrowing Syngman Rhee, Franco and Chiang Kai-shek will bring about peace is not made particularly clear. But one thing is very clear: it will cost lots and lots of money which can be administered by nice social workers, not by horrid military men.

Milton and the Angels, by Robert H. West. 246 pp. Athens, Georgia: The University of Georgia Press. \$4.50

Professor West seeks to determine exactly what Milton believed about the angels who appear so prominently in the epics written to "justify the ways of God to men." It is a delicate and complex problem, and some disagreement on details is inevitable. I should myself suppose that Milton paid little attention to contemporary writers on angelology, but went directly to the sources, including at least one, Michael Syncellus, who is not mentioned here. In Milton's attribution of amatory proclivities to angels I should see a logical inference from what is said in Genesis vi. 2-4, supplemented by the story of the *egregori* in the fragments of the Greek version of the *Book of Enoch*. But these are minutiae. This is a work of learning which can be read with interest by anyone who will enjoy an excursion into almost forgotten lore that is now obviously and utterly useless—unless, of course, one wishes to understand historically the modalities of Christian thought.

Beyond the Aegean, by Ilias Venezis. 260 pp. New York: The Vanguard Press. \$3.50

As a child, the contemporary Greek novelist Ilias Venezis spent his summers at his grandfather's farm across the Aegean Sea, in the coastal mountains of what is now Asia Minor. They were lovely, unruffled years, when thunderstorms were wilder, peddlers

more exotic, ghosts more horrific, and the whole cycle of planting, grafting, and foaling more beautiful than they would ever seem again. If his gently meditative re-creation of those years is completely persuasive, this is not only because Mr. Venezis is a skillful writer, but because the skies and games and feelings he evokes really took place, not in Asia Minor, but in Eden, a country which, like the Kingdom of Heaven, each man carries within him, and whose landscape and innocence, no matter what particular faces they resemble, are always recognizable to 'us all.

State of Siege, by Eric Ambler. 248 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. \$3.50

Even when a tendentious pro-Communist *mystique* underlay Eric Ambler's tales of intrigue, he used to tell a good story and his characters were no mere cut-out figures. He still tells a good, suspenseful story about live human beings—and the tendentiousness is gone.

Year in the Sun, by Elisabeth Keiffer. 275 pp. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$3.50

La vie de bohème has seen some substantial changes since World War Two, and Mrs. Keiffer's diary inadvertently exposes them all. Instead of a starving Rudolfo and Mimi, we now have a strapping young vet who wants to paint, and his crisply resourceful, chin-up wife who edits fiction for a slick magazine to keep him in T-shirts and zinc white. But they have their problems, too: instead of tuberculosis, it's a baby. What with the rising cost of sitters, they decide to get out of their cold-water flat and go off to Mexico, where beer is six cents a bottle and a larkly little house with a view of Popocatepetl only \$48 a month. Alas, however, less than a year later, they are back in Manhattan with a diary to hawk to publishers; and, saddest of all, with an explanation for their return which no one who reads *Year in the Sun* will disbelieve for a second. "We were," they confess, "bored."

To the Editor

The Last Word Is Alaska's

I'm not generally inclined to writing letters to the editor since I manage to keep busy enough reading and editing letters of this type. However, in the case of Miss Priscilla Buckley's analysis [NATIONAL REVIEW, July 25] of the Alaska Mental Health Act (it is no longer a bill), I feel I might add a parting shot or two to a subject of some weeks comment.

I would like to say that Miss Buckley's article is one of the most penetrating and accurate on the subject I have seen. I speak with some authority . . . since I have for the past three years or more written countless words on the proposed bill in its many forms before final adoption by the last Congress. These, I might add, were written for two different newspapers, the Anchorage *Daily News* and the *Empire*, in news stories, editorials and in my column.

The Communist "influence" behind the bill, according to some of your letter writers, is so much hogwash if it is meant by the letter writers that it is a Communist-inspired bill or that its primary aim is bettering the Red position in the United States. This newspaper and the *News* were and are as militantly anti-Communist as any other newspaper in the nation. Neither newspaper, and both have devoted a great deal of space to the bill in recent years and the Act more recently, went so far as to label it "liberal," "egghead" or "left wing," much less stink it up with a Communist tag. . . .

Mr. Blake's concern [NATIONAL REVIEW, August 11] over the commitment procedures is entirely without foundation, since at this time there are no set procedures. The final word on the commitment procedure will come from the Surgeon-General of the United States following public hearings, which are in progress in the territory. I'm sure these procedures will not follow the dictates of Bulganin. Nor will they be shaded, necessarily, "with Marxian nuances," as another of your letter writers fears.

The procedures will, we hope, and

with all respect to our stateside big brothers, provide a decent and honorable method of dealing with mentally ill persons. These procedures will not require, as now required, the arrest of a mentally unbalanced person. These procedures we hope will not require that a mentally ill person be placed in jail until he can be brought to trial. And these procedures will not require a mentally ill person to languish in jail after he is found "guilty" until he can be accompanied to Portland, Ore., by a United States Marshal.

In effect, the Alaska Mental Health Act paves the way for proper, or as proper as we can hope for, treatment of mentally ill persons. It will provide treatment on a clinical level rather than in jail. They will be regarded as being ill. They *won't* be criminals and convicts any more. . . .

ROBERT KEDERICK
Juneau, Alaska *Daily Alaska Empire*

(This discussion is now closed.)

—THE EDITORS

Mr. Davis Explains

Contrary to Mr. Schlamm's assertion ["Foreign Trends," September 8], I no longer doubt that the Polish officers at Katyn were killed by the Russians. I testified to the Congressional Committee on Katyn that I would have come to that conclusion if I had had as much evidence as they then had. At the time of my broadcast, however, the only evidence came from Joseph Paul Goebbels whom I did not regard as a good authority.

Washington, D.C.

ELMER DAVIS

Cyprus

With regard to your comment on Archbishop Makarios [September 8], how naive and gullible can you be? You accept completely the claim of the British with regard to the "machinations" of Archbishop Makarios without one iota of corroboration from any impartial sources. It has been an immemorial custom of the British to delude, to procrastinate—and to make unproven claims . . . in order to gain their own ends. . . .

In your apparent desire to damn the "Liberals" who are supporting the cause of freedom for Cyprus, are you not . . . basing your position on expediency instead of true moral principle? Are you really opposed to the right of freedom and the principle of self-determination in this enlightened age? . . .

Brooklyn, N.Y.

HARRY S. GEORGE

"Make Do"

Mr. Schlamm closes "Arts and Manners" in your issue of September 8 by saying, "Madison Avenue will now lead us to another Republican victory? Maybe Madison Avenue will. If so, I'd prefer defeat." In other words, he would prefer to have those intellectual and moral giants, Stevenson and Kefauver, instead of Eisenhower and Nixon, running the country for the next four years. . . .

I realize that your editorial policy is to criticize the Republican Administration just as freely as you presumably would criticize a Democratic Administration. But isn't there something unrealistic about such an attitude? You are not going to get the kind of government you, and I, would like to have; why not then "make do" with the best available?

New York City

E. A. MCQUADE

The "Liberals"

. . . You really give those Liberals what they deserve. Their policy is not to argue with your premises (or their little house of cards might be blown down by a gust of true intellectualism), but to stand by and sneer. If they can convince people that your magazine is a "bore," they hope to keep them from ever giving it the simple trial of reading it. Once someone opens your magazine, the battle is lost for the Left, because people soon learn that NATIONAL REVIEW is anything but boring. . . .

Charleston, West Va.

CLARK WOODROE

Mr. Frank Meyer's Vocabulary

My poise was somewhat less than static

When he let fly with *charismatic*;
But now I've turned a purplish
rubris—

He's struck a fouler blow with *hubris*.

New York City

M.N.



For COUNCILMAN



WANTED

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